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Come worldling see what paines I here do take, To gather gold while here on earth I rake.

What the Father gatherethby the Rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the Forke.

Come, come my braue gold,
Which I loue to behold,
come to me and Ile giue you rest;
Where as you may sleepe,
And I safely will keepe
you lock't in my iron bound chest;
No thieues you shall feare,
You in pieces to teare,
such care of you still I will take,
Come to me and lye
Gold Angels I cry,
And Ile gather you all with my Rake.

Come siluer and all,
When as I doe call,
your beauties to me are so bright
I loue you so deare,
I pray you come nere,
and be you not wauering or light,
Your weight so you haue,
Come glittering and braue,
then you I will neuer forsake,
But heape you together,
Against rainy weather,
And gather you all with my Rake.

Rich Iewels and plate,
By no meanes I hate,
with Diamonds, Saphirs, or rings;
The Carbuncle red,
Stands me in like stead,
or any other rich things,
The Emerold greene,
Like the spring that is seene,
gold chains, or the like I will take,
I haue a kind heart,
With my coyne I will part,
so I may get all with my Rake.

But yet here me, friend,
No money Ile lend,
without a good pawn you do bring,
But Ile tell to thee,
How a knaue cheated me
one time with a base copper Ring,
With me it bred strife,
It neere cost me my life, (take
halfe a crowne on the same he did
But Ile haue more care,
Of such knaues to beware,
how such copper together I rake.

On leases or lands,
On very good bands,
good security like wise prouide,
If we can agree,
Then my coyne it flyes free,
if not, your could suit is deny'd,
To foe or to friend,
No money Ile lend,
as they brew, so let them bake,
This rule I obserue,
Let them hang or starue,
if I cannot get with my Rake.

And those that do lacke,
To the highth I doe racke,
I know that they money must haue
Some morgage their lands,
Which fall in my hands,
to buy[illegible] and to sell [illegible]

If they faile of their day,
And haue not to pay,
a forfeiture on all I doe make,
Although I goe bare,
yet I haue a care,
my gold and my siluer to Rake.
Let the poore widdowes cry,
Let their children dye,
let their Father in prison goe rot,
What is that to me,
Their wealth is my fee,
for I haue their liuings now got,
Whole Lordships and Lands,
Are faine to my hands,
and vse of them all I will make,
My bags full of coyne,
And my purse I doe lyne,
with that which together I rake.

Thus rich usury,
Ne're thinking to dye,
nor on his poore soule haue a care,
With one foot in the grave,
yet more wealth he doth crave,
and his backe and his belly doth spare;
At whose cost he dine,
With good cheere and wine,
he cares not at whose hands he take,
Not a penny he'l spend,
Nor without a pawne lend,
The Divell and all he will Rake.

But now comes grim death,
And ceaseth his breath,
his tree of life is withered,
This wretch so unkind,
His wealth leaues behind,
and is a poore woorme being dead:
But now pray giue eare,
To that you shall heare,
his heire what a course he will take;
That day he did dye,
In his grave he did lye,
And the Sexton the earth on him Rake.

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Come Prodigals, your selves that loves to flatter, Behold my fall, that with the Forke doth scatter.

To the tune of, *To drive the cold winter away.*

ROome, roome for a friend,
That his money will spend,
old Flatcap is laid in his grave,
Hee kept me full poore,
But now I will roare,
his lands and his livings I have,
The tide of gold flowes,
And wealth on me growes:
hee's dead, and for that 'tis no matter,
Great ule he did take,
And for me did rake,
which now with the forke I will scatter.

I now must turne gallant,
That have such a talent,
what need I to take any care,
I tell thee good friend,
'Tis mine owne which I spend,
for I was my Fathers owne heire:
No Blade here shall lacke,
Give us claret and sacke,
hang pinching, it is against nature,
Let's have all good cheere,
Cost it never so deare,
for I with my forke will scatter.

Let me have a Lasse
That faire Venus doth passe,
give me all delights that I may,
Ile make my gold fly
Aloft in the skie,
I thinke it will never be day:
Let the welkin roare,
Ile never give o're,
Tobacco, and with it strong water,
I meane for to drinke,
Untill I doe sinke,
for I with my forke will scatter.

And let musicke play
To me night and day,
I scorne both my silver and gold,
Brave gentlemen all,
Ile pay what you call,
with me I beseech you be bold:

Dice run low or high,
My Gold it shall fly,
I meane for to keep a brave quarter,
Let the Cards goe and come,
I have a great sum,
That I with my forke will scatter.

Let Carouses goe round,
Till some fall to the ground,
and here's to my Mistresse her health
Then let's take no care,
For no cost we'l spare,
hang money, I have store of wealth,
My Father it got.
And now fall to my lot,
I scorne it as I doe mother,
For coyne was made round,
To stand on no ground,
And I with my forke will it scatter,

My Lordships to sell,
I thinke would doe well,
ill gotten goods never doe thrive:
Let's spend while we may,
Each Dog hath his day,
Ile want not while I am alive:
Come Drawers, more sacke,
And see what we lacke,
for money Ile send a porter,
Brave gallants ne're feare
For we'l domineere,
For I with my forke will scatter.

Come, drinke to my friend,
And let the health end,
my Coffers and Pockets are empty,
I now have no more,
That had wont to have store,
ther's scarcity where there was plenty,
My friends are all gone,
And left me alone,
I think I must now drink cold water:
There's nought but sad woe,
Upon me doth grow,
Because with my forke I did scatter.

Now this is the story,
Of prodigall glory,
who thought that he never should lack
No drinke nor no meat,
Now he hath to eate,
nor cloathes for to put on his back:
His friends they forsake him,
And woe doth o'ertake him,
because he was too free of nature,
That never did mind.
How time comes behind, (scatter.
who mows, though with forke he did

His leaves they grew greene,
But they were not seene,
for Autumne them quickly did kill,
Then let youth beware,
And have a great care,
and trust not too much to their will,
Least a prison them catch,
Or a house without thatch,
and glad of brown bread & cold water
To God thanks lets give,
And in a meane live,
having a care how we doe scatter.

on London Bridge. FINIS. N. P.